M. QUAD'S SENSE AND NONSENSE

(Copyright, 1915.)

WAYSIDE SMILES

They Are "Something Just as Good"

(Copyright, 1915, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

On a ferry boat the other day, a young man hung about an insurance agent who was crossing so persistently and suspiciously that the agent finally said:

"I think you have made a mistake sizing me up."

"Why, what do you mean?" the young man asked.

"Why, I haven't anything worth your time. All the money I have about me is forty-five cents, and this is only a rhine stone. Even if you got all I had it would hardly pay your fare back and forth. Why not go for that fat man over there, who certainly has a valuable ticket, if nothing else?"

"Sir," exclaimed the suspect with great loftiness, "do you take me for a pickpocket?"

"Rather that way, but if I am mistaken I beg your pardon."

"You have made a big mistake, sir. I am the Mayor's private secretary."

"Oh, I see. And what do you take me for?"

"For the District Attorney, of course."

Then you have also made a big mistake. I am the Mayor himself. How do you do, Private Secretary?"

"Quite well, thank you, your Honor."

Then they shook hands and smiled, and the young man lounged away. He didn't appear to believe that the agent was the Mayor and the agent seriously doubted that he was the Mayor's private secretary. The latter was materially assisted in his doubts by the fact that the fat man referred to had lost his watch in the crowd as they landed, and he remembered that the young man pushed and elbowed him and seemed in a hurry to get out of the United States.

—

He was a small boy with a black eye, and the big boy started at him so rudely that he felt compelled to explain:

"It wasn't no kid dat handed me dis eye."

"No?" queried the big boy in reply.

"IT WASN'T NO BIG KID DAT HANDED ME DIS EYE."

"No, it was me fadder dat did it."

"Your fadder, eh?"

"Yes, me fadder, and he's a man six foot high an' weighs a ton, an' dat's how he got the best of me."

—

She was a woman with an anxious expression of countenance, and she stopped a policeman on the street and asked to be directed to the Board of Health.

"Do you want a nuisance abated?" he asked in reply.

"No, sir."

"Anything wrong with the plumbing in the house?"

"I don't think so."

"None of the family down with an infectious disease, eh?"

"No, sir. I'm told that it is the law that you must report births in the house, and that is what I'm going to the board for."

"So there's a new kid in town?" queried the officer, with a grin.

"Not in my house, sir. I'm to report five young kittens born last night, and that the mother is doing well as can be expected under the circumstances."

—

A man had been struck by a car passing up the street, and the usual crowd gathered and pushed for sight of him. All of a sudden a man shouted out:

"Gentlemen, give me your attention for a moment. A laboring man on his way home to his fireside has been badly injured. He will probably be unable to work for the next six weeks."

The speaker paused for a breath, and hastened on.

"His rent will run behind," continued the speaker, "and his children will have to be taken from school and his table deprived of the necessaries of life. In such a case as this——"

Another fifty disentangled themselves from the crowd in a hurried manner, and only about a dozen were left.

"In such a case as this we ought to extend our sympathies and alleviate the situation with our cash. I will now take up a collection and it is needless to remind you that the cheerful giver——"

He took off his hat, but there was not a man left to present it to.

"Oh, well," he said as he looked around, "I'm sorry for the poor fellow, but the Lord will probably take care of him and pull him through."

—

"You want to see me?" said the business man as he turned in his office chair at the entrance of a stranger.

"Yes, sir," was the reply from the well dressed, prosperous-looking caller. "I left your house half an hour ago."

"H'm. One of my wife's relatives—brother or something?"

"No, sir. I'm a tramp. I called there to ask for an old coat, and she hunted me up this outfit—spring overcoat—business suit—hat shoes—everything. These things must have cost you at least $50."

"Nearer $100," growled the business man.

"Don't doubt it, but you see the fix I am in? There is such a thing as the eternal, fitness of things. I can't go around striking folks for a nickle in such a rig-out as this."

"N-o."

"And no one would think of asking me to carry out ashes."

"Well?"

"Well, you'll have to give me a job or I shall have to return the clothes."

The merchant scratched his head, sighed heavily, and ringing his bell he said to the boy who answered it:

"Joseph, tell Mr. Markham to put this gentleman to work at $15 per week, and advance him as fast as his talents and attentions to my interests seem to deserve."

—

In the days of the chestnut bell a lot of us were waiting at Trenton for the train, and one of the men began telling about his experience on a wrecked vessel in mid-Atlantic. Near by, on a passenger's trunk sat a pale-faced, weary-eyed young man of twenty summers, who was waiting for the train with his ma. He wore a chestnut bell and this was perhaps the first chance he had to ring it. The gentleman was proceeding with his story when ting-a-ling went the bell. He stopped and looked around, and then continued, but after half a minute the young man belled him up again. The man looked annoyed, but went on, and during the quarter of an hour he was talking that bell rang about fifteen times. When he had finished he looked over to the weary young man and asked:

"What is that bell for?"

"Chestnuts," was the reply.

"How do you mean?"

"Why, you know, when you hear anything old you—ting-a-ling on the bell."

"Oh, you do. I guess I'll try it once."

He got up, shook the young man out of his coat and collar at the first shake, and then whirled him around, ended him up, and gave him a toss over a heap of baggage. The bell boy got up covered with dust and a wreck, the bell broken by the shock, and his collar hanging by one end, and as he disappeared into the ladies' room we heard his mother exclaim:

"Why, darling, didn't I warn you to look out for the locomotive?"

And the man who had told the story added:

"Best to take such cases at the start and administer strong medicine. He might have rung that bell on somebody who'd have got mad and damaged him beyond repair."

BOWSER CAMPS OUT

And He Meets Up With Several Adventures

Mr. Bowser had simply read the heads of the items in his evening paper, and laid it on the floor, where the cat came and rolled upon it, and flattered herself that she had at last become a literary feline.

He was uneasy. He walked back and forth. He looked out of a back window and sniffed and snuffed.

Mrs. Bowser was reading a book, but she saw it all from the corner of her eye, and out of pity she asked:

"Do you think the house is on fire that you sniff and snuff?"

"Mrs. Bowser," he replied, as he came back and sat down, "I almost think I smell the woods. I want to ask you a question."

"Go ahead."

"We had no vacation this summer, and I worked very steadily every day. I have not got rheumatism; I have not got the backache; I'm not going into consumption, and I am not on the brink of the grave."

"I am glad to hear it," smiled Mrs. Bowser.

"But I want to take a vacation for a few days," he said.

"Well, why not?"

"There are four men of my acquaintance going up to the north woods to camp and hunt and fish for a few days. I should like to go with them. I think it would do me good."

"Of course it would, and if I were a man I should certainly go along. As I am not, I shall stay home and run the house. I am feeling very well this fall and shall be content to remain right here."

"You say I may go?" anxiously inquired Mr. Bowser.

"Why, of course. I will do all I can to help you get ready, and hope that you will have a good time."

Mr. Bowser looked at her in amazement with mouth half open, and for a long minute he could not believe that he heard aright. Then he timidly said:

"We may be gone two weeks."

"I hope you will," was the reply. "If five men of you are going to camp out that long, you'll have to take a cook with you."

"Oh, no, we shan't. It's all settled that I am to do the cooking. That makes my share of the expenses the less, you know."

"What can you cook?" was queried, with a smile of doubt.

"I don't profess to be a head cook, but I can get a meal to satisfy hungry men. Most of the food will be canned stuff, and will simply have to be warmed over. Any child can do that."

"Well, I guess you will get along," said Mrs. Bowser, after a silence.

"Sure to-sure to, my dear. Everything will go as slick as grease, and we'll all come back rolling fat. By George, but I wish we were to start tomorrow! I haven't been in the woods since I was a boy. I want to hear the leaves whisper—the squirrels chatter and the doe calling to her fawn again. It will be a tremendous change from the routine of office work."

Three or four days later Mr. Bowser was off. He was armed with a new blanket, seven sorts of liniment and salves, and he counted on killing no less than five deer with his own hands. It would make venison scarce and high for the rest of the State, but it was everybody for himself when the deer-killing season was on. Behold, Mr. Bowser and his four companions in a tent, set up in a dell in the forest. There were no squirrels to chatter—the leaves were falling, instead of whispering, and if a doe was calling to her fawn, she was so far away that they couldn't hear her. The woods were rather damp. There were also a hundred thousand mosquitoes to every hunter.

"SAT AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE AND TOLD STORIES."

It was the forest, however, and after a picked-up supper, the men sat around the campfire and told stories in true hunter's style. Your true hunter always lies, when he smokes at the campfire, and the Bowser crowd followed suit. When the chill air of evening had given them cold noses, and their supply of lies had run low, they retired to their tent and on their beds of balsam twigs. They slept the sleep of mighty Nimrods—and then some more.

Morning came with the gleeful notes of the crow and the bluejay, and the men walked forth from the tent and patted each other on the back and congratulated each other on being alive.

Mr. Bowser's cooking was not quite up to the mark for breakfast, but the other four men were in a hurry to bring down their first deer, and no criticisms were made. He was left to get a noonday dinner, and scarcely were they out of sight when he set about it. It was unanimously agreed that they should have a boiled, smoked ham for dinner, but they had not brought along a kettle large enough to hold it, nor yet a saw to sever the bone. Mr. Bowser studied over the problem for two or three minutes and then solved it. He would boil that ham by sections. One end of it would go in the dish they had, and when it was cooked, the other end would take its place. Some way would be found to cook the middle part next day.

There were to be potatoes with the meal. Any man can peel a potato—even Mr. Bowser. He peeled what he thought would be required, and put them on the fire to boil. On the way up they had bought a mince pie of a farmer's wife. Mr. Bowser now brought it out of the tent and placed it on a big chip, and gave it the right slant to be warmed through. The coffee would be made later on.

There was a creek a few rods away, and Mr. Bowser had brought along his fishing outfit. While he waited for time to pass he went fishing and he had the luck to catch a minnow all of three inches long. He was seeking to catch another an inch longer, when a distant shout in the woods told him that four hungry men were on the way to camp, to partake of his banquet. Mr. Bowser and the four arrived almost simultaneously, but the cook was far enough ahead to step on the mince pie in his haste, and flatten it out into nothing. Then his companions came up and broke forth, as the waters did at the Johnstown flood.

The potatoes had boiled dry!

That ham was smelting into grease.

"Bowser, you swore you could cook!"

"He is a liar and a fraud!"

"He left our dinner to spoil and went fishing!"

"Let's throw the old fraud into the creek!"

A hungry man will accept of no excuses or protestations. Mr. Bowser urged the want of necessary utensils to do his cooking, but it was no go. The four half-starved men seized him, and rolled him about that wildwood dell, while the doe pleaded for her young, and when they had wrecked him and tired themselves out, they opened a can of beans and devoured them and—

Resolved—That, as Mr. Samuel Bowser joined this happy band, through chicanery and fraud, he be deposed as cook, and that he be sentenced to be chained to a log during the rest of the happy days of our stay here, and that he be fed nothing but dill pickles."

But the sentence was not carried out, though Mr. Bowser was made to feel that he had disgraced the camp. An hour after noon, three of the four men—the other having been appointed as cook—took out guns and sought for game again. When they were well out of sight, Mr. Bowser took his firearms and walked off by himself. He had come to kill deer, as well as to prepare banquets.

"HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF A BIG BUCK DEER."

After he had left camp a mile behind, and, while he was sneaking through the woods, in true hunter's style, he caught sight of a big buck deer, with antlers seven feet long. His heart jumped into his mouth, and there was a cold chill running up and down his spine, but he was Bowser—Samuel Bowser, and he wasn't going to let a little thing like that flurry him. He drew a long breath and brought up his gun and fired. The report still lingered on the woodland air, when there was a loud yell, and two of the three hunters came crashing toward him. One of them had his cap in his hand, and he pointed to a hole in it and jumped and shouted out:

"See there, you old assassin—you deliberately tried to put a bullet through my head!"

"He did—he did—he did!" exclaimed the other man.

"I didn't mean to do any darn thing of the kind!" protested Mr. Bowser. "I thought it was a big, buck deer!"

"You blamed idiot! Can't you tell a deer from a man! If you can't, what in the Old Harry are you doing here! Suppose your bullet struck an inch lower?"

"I—I——"

"You wanted to kill him for what he said about your cooking!" shouted the other man. "Maybe he's a dangerous man to let loose in the woods. Darn his old hide, but he may try to kill me next!"

"No, he won't," determinedly answered the man whose scalp had been perforated and whose skull had been tickled by a bullet. "Bowser, you can't stay here. You are dangerous. You must go home!"

"But I—I—I came for two weeks," stammered the would-be assassin.

"It makes no difference. You must pack up and go. You can walk the five miles to the house where we got the horse and wagon, and before midnight you can be at the railroad station. If you don't go, we will. You are a good neighbor at home, and a safe man around town, but you are as dangerous as a grizzly bear in the woods."

Mr. Bowser arrived home, three days after he had left it. Mrs. Bowser elevated one eyebrow as he entered the house, but she asked no questions. She didn't even observe that he was looking 50 per cent better, and that he had gained at least fifteen pounds in weight, and Mr. Bowser hasn't yet explained why he left the wildwood and it's healthy evening air so much sooner than he had planned for.

A good wife never "piles it on to a husband," and Mrs. Bowser is a good wife.

THE GAS MAN

The Public Will Never Love Him.

"I suppose it is in order to kick," said the interviewer as he laid his gas bill and the money to pay it on the window shelf in front of the cashier's window.

"If you do not want to be odd and unique you will kick," replied the cashier with a smile.

"Then there are lots of kickers, eh?"

"Only about forty-nine out of fifty. I have been here fourteen long years, and that has been the proportion from the first day."

"And you are not weary of it?"

"I started in with logic and philosophy to back me, and I have it yet. There are so many kickers to every thousand of the population and you can't reduce the number unless you make a new race. There are kickers in the shoe store, the drug store, the grocery store, the department store, and even the cooper shop. A few days ago I heard a woman kicking to the tombstone maker. I belong to a church and the kicker is there as well as elsewhere. Oh, yes, the kicker is with us but we hear of him right here in this office, oftener than anywhere else."

"And what do they kick about?" was asked.

"Principally about their bills, but there are many side lines. I forget how many years ago the first gas company was organized, but I am sure it had its kickers. Let three or four prominent men put their capital together and start a factory, a bank, a store or other business enterprise, and you will not hear their honesty questioned; but let the same men organize a gas company and they will be looked upon as cheats and swindlers."

"I believe you are right," said the interviewer.

"Of course I am right. A hundred cases prove that I am right. The stockholders of a gas company are as fair and honest as the men who invest in any other business. They want a fair interest on their money. They are satisfied with a fair interest; there is no trickery or cheating about it. The price of the gas is set at a figure that will give them a fair profit, just as a merchant marks his goods. I will wager ten to one that every shoe man, clothier, druggist or merchant makes twice the profit on every sale that the gas company does, and they are not held up to the suspicions and insults of the public."

"Just what specific charges do they make?" asked the interviewer.

"They charge us with putting in meters that favor the company; with over-reading the meters; with diluting the gas; with tyrany, and with a dozen other things. One might talk a lung out and you could not convince the majority of the public that we do business in a fair and honest manner. Our meters are officially inspected, and perhaps one in a hundred is found to favor us. That is not our fault, but of the maker. It is corrected at once. We find plenty of meters that favor the customers but the said customer never calls our attention to it himself. Few men are willing to acknowledge that their gas bills ought, logically, to be higher for October than for August, and hence there is a kick about what they call the swindling overcharge."

"And you keep your smile through all this kicking?"

"I have to, sir. I have to wear the smile that won't come off. I have worn it so long that it comes to my face without my knowing it. A man comes in here with his gas bill and his money and slams them down on that shelf with the remark that some day the long-suffering and long-enduring American public will arise and hang me to the nearest tree. Of what use to talk back to such a man? He has his convictions, and nothing will remove them."

"They blame you because they can't get at anybody else?"

"Oh, yes, they can have an information man here. He can and will answer all their questions. They don't call him because they feel that they are in the wrong. And, too, I take their money, and they reason that half of it goes into my own pocket, and that makes me the direct object of their wrath. A man goes to a grocery and leaves an order for supplies. It is filled and comes to the house with the bill. Not one in ten looks to see if all the order is there; not one in twenty goes over the figures to see if they are correct; not one in fifty even wonders if the grocer's scales have given him sixteen ounces to the pound. The bill is paid and that ends it. There are forty false scales in the stores where we have one false meter in a basement and yet we are called cheats and swindlers'"

"What about over-charging on the bill?"

"In making out a monthly gas bill," he replied, "we have to take the figures of the man who reads the meters. He is only human, and sometimes he makes a mistake, though it is as often in favor of the customer as the company. If we can find that there has been a mistake we correct it at once. Let me tell you that people are very erratic about their gas burning. Their bills will run along on an average of about so much a month and then take a certain jump. This is caused by a visitor coming to stay three or four weeks, or the old man invites half a dozen men to an all-night poker game, and they have a long session one night a week for the month. Hundreds of extra feet of gas are consumed, but when the bill is brought in and slammed down on the shelf the man shouts at me:

"'So this gas company hasn't got through swindling me yet!'

"His meter shows that he burned the gas but he will swear on a stack of Bibles that he had fewer burners going than usual. I smile and smile, and take in the money and receipt the bill. He goes out threatening a lawsuit but it will never come. He knows he burned that gas. People are careful of their clothes, their rugs, their furniture and their cooking utensils, but of one thing they are almost criminally careless—that is their gas. It is generally lighted half an hour before it is really needed and in two rooms out of ten every night in the year a burner or two are forgotten and left burning all night. The woman forgets to turn the gas off in her stove after supper and gets herself ready to go out with her husband to the theater. That stove burns 50 cents' worth of gas while they are gone. Yet thousands of dollars' worth of gas are wasted every month in a big city and we are abused because we want pay for it."

"But there are some who don't kick?" suggested the interviewer?

"Yes," smiled the smiler; "there was a woman here five minutes before you came in. She wantd to kick, but she didn't kick."

I HAVE TO WEAR THE SMILE THAT WON'T COME OFF.

"And why not?"

"Because she had the asthma so bad that she had no breath to spare. The first customer this morning was a man. He also wanted to kick. You could see it in every motion. He wanted to give me a regular old calling down and punch my nose through the window."

"But he didn't do it?"

"No, he didn't. He was both deaf and dumb and I wouldn't give him pencil and paper to put his feelings into writing."

"Do the women kick as much as the men?" asked the scribe.

"They probably would if they came in the same number. About four men to one woman come here to pay their bills. We have, however, a widow who has been on our books for ten years. She has never paid a bill without kicks and insults, and two years ago she brought a lawsuit against us. There was what she called an overcharge of $3, and she called it a swindle and went to court to teach us a lesson in business morality. She knew it was going to cost her $50 or $100, but she was a determined woman.

"And what did the company do? It first sent an inspector to the house and there he saw a beautiful sight. The widow was employed in a department store and was absent from home all day. She had five children to take care of the house. When the inspector reached it, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, every gas jet in the house, and every burner in the stove was going full blast, and had been since 9 o'clock in the morning. The children were 'playing company,' and they admitted that this was the fourth time in the month. Then the company stood the suit and you may guess the widow came out of the little end of the horn. She was not crushed to earth, however, but every time she has come in since she has had a word for me, and it has not been a good word, either. No lawsuit or anything else can convince her that I did not pocket her $3 to buy collars and neckties."

"But is this state of affairs to continue right along?" asked the interviewer as he was ready to turn away.

"It is, unless you can work a great change in human nature," was the reply. "People must be taught that there is honesty and fair-dealing in a gas company and it will be a more difficult matter than to convince the old topers that prohibition is a good thing. Meanwhile, let us continue to smile—and to smile."

HUNTING BIG GAME

(Copyright, 1915, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

I was at Kishin, on the southern coast of Arabia, as agent for an English house which purchased hides and pelts from the desert tribes, when a deputation of natives came in with a petition that a "Makikki" be promulgated. This was no more nor less than that a courier be sent by the ruler of the city to read a proclamation to the lions, which had become unusually numerous in the west. The poor benighted nomads believed that such a proclamtion would at once clear the country of marauders, but were told to return to their camps, call up their manhood and courage and defend their property with their lives.

About fifteen miles west of Kishin is the eastern border of the Arabian desert, and along this border for about 200 miles north and south were camps and villages of half-civilized Arabs. I had a talk with one of the men, who came in, and he told me that none of them could remember when there were so many lions about, and where they exhibited such boldness. Every flock not only suffered from their depredations, but many people had been killed and carried off. The hunters had gone out, but somehow the beasts had either evaded them or their weapons had been hov-doved, and they were now at their wit's end to know what to do. As I had a month's let up from the business just then, and wanted to study the native character as much as possible, I agreed to go out with them nad see what could be done. I was no mighty hunter, nor had I ever tested my nerve on big game, but the confidence of the natives led me to hope that I might acquit myself with credit should occasion offer. In their childlike simplicity they argued that a white man had only to show himself in the neighborhood to cause the lions to run away.

I took with me an outfit of such things as I thought might be needed, and mounted on a camel headed away for a camp called El Kick. Each camp has its name and is generally called after its head man or ruler. I found this camp to be situated on the bank of a creek, and as it had been permanent for two years it was enclosed. The people numbered about 300 souls, occupying about eighty huts and tents, which were packed very closely. The herds pastured on the level lands to the north during the daytime, and at night were brought into the village for safety. There was a palisade enclosing about five acres of ground, but it was old and out of repair, and there was no place where a lion could not jump it. Indeed, they had jumped it, and their weight had crushed it down for a distance of several feet, enabling them to trot off with a goat or a calf or colt without hindrance. On the night before my arrival a lion had smashed down a place seven feet wide, and this had not yet been repaired. It was easier to build a fire in the gap than to close it up again.

As a rule, not more than one pair of lions will frequent a neighborhood, but the natives insisted that there at least were half a dozen prowling around. That first night I heard distinctly from four, at any rate, though none of them came very near to the camp. To the west of us was scrubby rock ground, with here and there a thicket. It was the same to the south. It was from these directions that the lions came and they often passed clear around the enclosure before attacking. Next day after my arrival every man, woman and child sat about strengthening the enclosure. I had brought out from Kishin a camel load of telegraph wires, which had been stored in a warehouse there for several years, being part of the cargo taken from a vessel wrecked on the coast. By stretching this wire in three lines above the palisade we considerably increased the height, and many new poles and a great quantity of mud helped to make the defense secure.

Six feet inside the gap alluded to, I dug a rifle pit. Then we set a stout post on either side of the gap and wove the wire back and forth until it would have stopped the charge of a buffalo bull. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon a goat was killed opposite the gap and its blood allowed to soak into the ground. When the flocks were driven up at night a large fat goat was tied to a stake just behind my rifle pit.

Just as dusk came on I got into the pit with a double-barreled shotgun loaded with slugs, while, as agreed upon, the camp continued its regular routine, so as not to arouse suspicion. It was a starlight night, enough so that I could have seen a rabbit running over the close-cropped plain fifty feet away. It was hardly dusk before I heard the far-away roar of lions, but it was an hour later before an enormous big fellow suddenly walked into view of the spot where the goat had been slain, and after sniffing at the blood, he raised his head and uttered a roar which made the earth tremble. He stood head on to me, right in front of the gap, and while he still roared he was joined by his mate. They hadn't come to play the sneak. They had come to take what they wanted by force of arms, whether the villagers fought well or poorly, and they were even willing to give the men time to prepare. The animals in the enclosure were willing to fight, and that was my advantage. I knelt down, rested my gun across a ridge of earth, and was ready. After standing for ten minutes on the spot where the goat was killed, roaring almost continually, the lion advanced almost to within twenty feet of the gap. He was the chap who had made it, but I was afraid he would suspect some trap and go over the palisade at another point. He stood looking square into the gap for three or four minutes, lashing his sides with his tail and the goat behind me kept up a mournful bleating. While I was looking full at the lion he made his leap. His first bound was about fifteen feet, and his next brought him against the wires with an awful crash. His fore paws must have passed through the interstices, as he hung for a moment in a perpendicular position, his whole belly exposed. I gave him the right hand barrel full in the breast, and would have pulled the other on him only he dropped in a heap just as the lioness struck the wires to the right of him. I fired at her and tore an ear and part of her head away, and then a picnic occurred. In falling backward she got her hind foot twisted in the wires and could not extract it. She hung with shoulders on the ground, and of all the infernal noises made by a wild animal her racket capped the climax. She roared, shrieked, growled, howled, sobbed, moaned, and wheesed and while every man in the village cowered in fear, I was so rattled that it was a couple of minutes before I could reload. When this feat was accomplished, I advanced to the wires, put the muzzle of the gun right against the writhing body, and then blew the life out of it. The other beast was lying in a heap and I had no fear but what he was dead. I could not get a man to go out with me after the bodies, and therefore built a fire at the gap and went to bed. Not another lion was heard during the night, and when daylight came the pair were found where they had fallen, with the foot of the lioness still in the wires.

"We shall now have peace for many months," cried the people, and some of the old men declared that not another lion would come within five miles of the village for the next half year. I subsequently ascertained that this was the case. They accounted for it not on the grounds that two lions had been killed, but because of the way they were killed.

"SHE GOT HER HIND FOOT TWISTED IN THE WIRES."

After waiting three or four days I went about twenty-five miles to a village called Te Kin, where the inhabitants had for many weeks been living in terror. It was a place almost exactly similar to the other, and had about the same number of inhabitants, but it appeared that thirty of the men were away with a caravan, and that none of those remaining had the courage to face a lion or the wit to plan his destruction. Six people had been killed within four weeks and scarcely a night passed without a lion visiting the enclosure. While the stockade was in better shape than that in El Kick, there was one spot where the lions always entered, or where the last three or four had leaped over. This was where they had trenched through a mound, this leaving the ground next to the palisades higher than a few feet away from it. The men declared the poles to be just as long there as anywhere else, but could not understand that the lay of the ground gave a wild beast at least three feet advantage in jumping in or out.

This spot was not over ten feet wide and after a close examination I found that the lions had taken about the center of it. The last one had killed a cow and dragged and lifted her over, and the ends of the logs and poles were covered with hair and dried blood. On the first night of my arrival it seemed as if as a dozen lions contented themselves with roaring and fighting. The next day I had the villagers dig a pit at the foot of the stockade, ten feet deep and four broad and ten long. Then they brought in limbs and made a wattle large enough to spread over the excavation for a cover. My idea was to capture a lion alive, but so great was the terror of the people that they used every argument against the plan. I was determined however, and went ahead with my plans. About twelve feet from the stockade was an old abandoned hut. This was repaired as well as we could, and when night came I took my station there with a gun. We faced the spot where a lion would be apt to enter in case any came, and all around us were the live stock which had been driven in for the night.

Soon after sunset we heard two lions roaring. Then all was quiet for an hour, and I had begun to fear that none of the prowlers would come near us, when I suddenly caught sight of a great black object on the stockade. It was there only while you could count five, for it was a lion in his leap. He simply touched the top of the stockade with his feet and then leaped to the ground, and the next thing we heard was a muffled roar.

"He's in the pit—come on!" I called to the native, and leaving my gun I rushed out to the hole.

Just as I reached it the beast roared again, and I heard him bounding about. The wattle leaned against the stockade, and I dragged it away and flung it over the hole just in time to have it bumped by the head of the lion as he sprang to get out. I stood on it and called for help, but it was ten minutes before I could get one of the cowardly rascals to come near me. Then they rolled large rocks on the wattle and we had his royal highness imprisoned. For a quarter of an hour the beast made a terrible fuss, but he finally realized that he was helpless, and he grew quiet. The village was awake all night long, and when morning came and we could see our prize we found him to be a full-fledged male and a perfect specimen.

It took all that day to build a cage stout enough to hold him, and during the day or night we gave the animal neither food nor drink. Next day we set about getting him out of the pit. We accomplished this after three or four hours' hard work by means of forked poles, noosed ropes and several blankets. He fought us every instant and when he was finally safe in the cage he kept up a continuous roaring for more than an hour. It was a week before I started with him for Kishin, and during that time not a lion was seen nor heard. Indeed, it was nearly four months before another appeared. I got my captive down to the sea in good shape, and it wasn't three days before he was sold for £80 to go to the zoological gardens at Bombay.

AN AUTHOR AND A DOG.

"I was at Elk Rapids, Mich., one summer," said the bookman, 'and as I was strolling around one day I met an Indian with a dog. It was a real Indian dog, long-bodied, short-legged and the homeliest canine I ever looked at. I had no sooner set my eyes on him than I felt like throwing clubs and running him into Lake Michigan. The Indian saw my feelings in my face and said:

"'Do dog up. You throw. One cent a throw.'

"The idea tickled me, and I told him to go ahead. While he was tying the dog to a bush I collected a hatful of stones from the beach and got ready for business. The Indian drew a line within thirty feet of his canine and told me to go ahead, while he picked up a stick to tally as I threw. I didn't want to knock that dog's head off or break any of his legs, but I did want to plunk him once or twice for his looks. I thought it would be the easiest thing in the world, but that was where I made a great mistake as true as you live. I threw exactly 100 stones at that dog, at a cent a stone, and never grazed him. He was tied by a long rope, and he was lightning on the dodge. At the hundredth stone I gave up in disgust, but next day I made up my mind to hit that dog or die. On that day it cost me $1.70 for throws, and still no hits. On the third day it cost me $2, and at the end of a week I was out $7 and hadn't a tally. I was getting lop-shouldered, near-sighted and ugly-tempered, and my wife coaxed me to give up throwing and go fishing. The Indian and his dog were on tap, as usual, and when I turned them down the crafty old buck smiled blandly and said:

"'All right. You come back next year and throw more—throw thousand times—throw ten thousand times—and I make wholesale, and mebbe you hit him!'"

Always Willing to Oblige.

It was a Texas town, and a long-limbed Texan was making across the public square toward the Court House with a revolver in his hand when he was stopped by a man who asked:

"Are you on your way to the Court House?"

"Yes, sir, I am," was the reply.

"Going to shoot anybody?"

"Yes, sir—Lawyer Johnson. If it hadn't been for him, I shouldn't have lost my case yesterday. Yes, sir, going to fill him full of lead."

"Are you in any great hurry about it?"

"No special hurry, but when I have shooting on hand I like to get it off my mind as soon as possible."

"Of course, but you see Lawyer Johnson is now arguing a case for me and won't be through for forty minutes. He's going to win it for sure if not interrupted, and if you will only hold on for awhile you will do me a great favor."

"Why, certainly—glad you mentioned it. No hurry about the shooting, so as it comes off today, and you can count on me. Have a drink with you? With the greatest of pleasure, and if Johnson is a particular friend of yours, I'll shoot him as softly as I can and give him every show to die like a gentleman."